THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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REMUND DEACON, MERRIT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1632.

Choice Poetry.

"WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE."

Despair not of the better part
Tend her in human kind
A grain of light will darkness dash,
In e'en the darkest mind.
The savage with his club of war
The rage so wild and good
Are laid if in fire eternal I rede
Of common brotherhood.
Despair not, oh despair not, then
For though the world to wake
No answer is we dream-like,
But there's a answer side

The hope, rough stones from out the mine,
Is roughly and no use.
Have veins of purest coral hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few words we have but to their height
Some toy more plant crops
And round the peaks we clothe
The sea-bird ells and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their coldness hide
More than a beautiful and good
We've all our angel side

In all there is an inner depth—
A far-off secret way
Where, though the wanderers of the soul
I cast each life-saving ray,
In secret human heart there is
A tactful wondrous chord
That may be struck endeavors to no
By some sweet loving word
The wet word heart is vain may try
In neither thought to it de
Some unexpected tone or trial
It hath an angel side

Tempered and soft, and mellow'd into
Dash with the shade of sin,
Deepening not show hide light
Which God hath placed within
Oh, then, be not too soon dismayed
Though ofttimes sight,
Trust persevering tone and deed
Will gain the heart at last
No human heart there is a
But there's a angel side.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," "THE HIDDEN PATH," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORTH EVASION AT THE TIME

Oh, Winter, winter, all the severest year
I know thee all unlovely as thou seemest
And dreaded as thou comest!
I cannot close thee in a common description
Remember what thou hast been to me!
And all the reminders that the whole year
Of tenderness and love have been to me
Of song, uncompanioned evening, blazing

Catherine returned to Hawthorngrove on Christmas Eve, with a heart cold, cruel, even afflicted, and the level sun threw a glistening, yellow hue on the light snow that lay on the ground, and on the surface of the snow clad earth. And as Katie's little, rough, rude, but very sturdy dog bounded along the ground, life and hope and joy rolled back to her heart, giving bloom to her cheeks, light to her eyes, and elasticity to all her movements. She was very glad indeed to find herself on her way to the Grove, and after the long, weary, exciting, exhausting atmosphere of White Cliffe, and the disturbing proximity of Georgia, for the long, calm days and long, calm evenings with Mr. Clifton, at the farm-house. She reached her destination at last, and, before she had set the gist with a smile of pleasure, and welcomed her with a kiss of affection. Then she rushed for the parlor, and, throwing off her hood, sat down by the fire, while she removed her bonnet and shawl. She did not remain long below, and gave orders that tea should be served immediately and a fire kindled in Miss Clifton's room, as she was tired, and Sally was fatigued, and would when to retire early. There was in the manner of the lady upon her return, and from this evening, a maternal tenderness and solicitude, very touching and delightful to Catherine. This was so apparent to the domestics, that they began to depart themselves towards the maiden with the deference due to the daughter of the house.

And how calmly and cheerfully the Winter days passed. There was the early rising, and the early breakfast, in the same, bright, hark parlor, where the morning had found them. There was the leisurely talk over the meal, about the people, and the events, and the occupations of the day. After breakfast, came the ride around the farm, to the scene of which every field and lane and grove was inspected in their every acute quarter visited. And during these rides, Mrs. Clifton gave her many valuable instruction relating to agricultural matters.

"For, my dear," she said, "some day you may have to do duty yourself, and it is well for these things to learn after, when your husband is in the public service, elected to the Senate, or at the legislature. To which Cath-rine returned no reply. And then came dinner, and the short afternoon rest, and the long, long, social evening by the fireside, employed in needle-work, embroidery, reading, conversation, and occasionally varied by music or read-ing, and finally ended by family prayer and bed.

Mrs. Clifton and Catherine better, never wearied of each other. They had many merits points for hands and heads—they were both strong, mental thinkers, not shoot all, both fond of reading and study, and both fond of the abouters.

And now Catherine edged of a very dear, but dangerous delight, in the perusal of Major Clifton's letters of travel. These letters arrived about two in a month. And, as Catherine was the when they came, were festivals indeed to the recluse lady and the students. Often when one was brought in, Mrs. Clifton nothing through weakness, upon the sofa, shading her eyes with her hand, would say, "Break the seal and read it to me, dear Catherine." And Kate would do so—drawing delicious draughts of pleasure and pain from the poetic and artistic spirit that pervaded every sentiment, narrative and descrip-tion in the epistle. And on these long, quiet Winter evenings, very often the conversation would turned upon the absent one—the dear hope always introduced her but another. It seemed as if Mrs. Clifton wished to make Catherine thoroughly acquainted with his character and disposition—with his faults and weaknesses, as well as with his virtues and powers.

"My son has his serious imperfections, like other men, of course—though your eyes contradict me, Catherine; if I, his partial mother, see his faults, you may depend. Archer is no designed, my dear, in the extension of any one, but—well, no matter—don't blush so—I see his mother, and I love him, too, and think highly of him, of course, but I acknowledge he has in his angel. Kate, and I should be sorry you should take him for one—disappointment would come of it, my dear. He is proud, jealous, and suspicious as a Spaniard, and while under the influence of these feelings, he is reserved and cuffen as an Indian—yet these traits of character have been so transplanted in my dear Kate's affection, that they have actually assumed virtues—the pride, jealousy and suspicion have seemed all high sense of honor and intellectual nonsense—and the reserve and sullenness—dignity! Is it not so, my dear?"

Kate's eyes lighted, and her cheeks flushed lightly, but not with bashfulness—with an emotion that was bowing at her heart—and carried away from self-consciousness by enthusiasm, she answered,

"Oh, madam! I know what I would say to you, if I only knew how to say it. Heaven wash divine thoughts and feelings into our heart and brain sometimes, but they cannot pass clarion into words—they are choked up perhaps by sin or imperfection. Such a feeling I have now—honestly light, if I could only retract it—"

She paused an instant, unconscious that the lady was looking intently upon her. Then she spoke again, slowly, in a kind of calm fervor—

"Real affection—I do not mean passion or imaginations—but real love does never cannot do without with sacred others'—never!—all faults are the excess or the deficiency of some virtue—well, real love sees no object and perhaps as he is at his worst—but even perhaps as evil as he is even at his best, but as he may become—not he many call beauties, if that real affection conceives faithful to its trust. Ah! how strong that conviction is in my heart—how would you judge it?"

"I understand you, Catherine, and may your true affection be the divine alchemy that shall transmute all Archer Clifton's faults into virtues. At this personal reply, Catherine's eyes fell and her cheeks burned with sudden self-recollection, and for some time after she could not recall the conversation without deep blushes.

More and more freely as the weeks passed by did Mrs. Clifton talk to Kate of her son and his peculiarities, and the best way to meet them.

"I know you will love Archer, my dear, if, in order to his proselytism, made himself all things to all men. Archer is proud, and may deny it if he must cause, but it is the false modesty of conceit which is very distasteful to the haughty, savage which Archer unwisely bestowed, when it naturally becomes very acceptable." This style of instruction addressed to her by weeks and months, was at once very pleasing, and very painful to Kate. It was sweet, it was true beyond boundary, to be considered in the same relation to her beloved, to be addressed and talked of by one possessed the power of rendering his future life better and happier, and so addressed by her own mother, too, had it been possible, to be supposed by possible to be on the future esteem and affection of one who had never called—and the language of love before. Often she thought of begging Mrs. Clifton to desist from this style of conversation—but then, in the humiliation of her heart, the fear of losing a friend, during which Mrs. Clifton gave, finally fell into the manner of considering her and speaking of her as her son's future wife. At all once one day it suddenly struck Kate that Mrs. Clifton might be the victim of a mistake, and that Archer might have returned to his standing or engagement existed between herself and Major Clifton, and that her own silence and seeming acquiescence had served to confirm the error. And this very natural and rational thought filled the girl's heart with bitterness, utterly blasting and destroying all her beautiful hopes, and casting her into with the bitterest deep humiliation. She felt that she must undeceive Mrs. Clifton immediately. So when the lady, seeing her sad, asked the cause, she replied, rising fire and the lady spoke of her son, saying, with trembling voice—

"The most unhappy fact in his character is his tendency to suspicion, my love. He would be far happier with his faults if he never have a cured from him, but even one touching a little ideal of perfection, and so suspicious of deceit, deserted with him, and, alas! even that course was not always sure to save them sufficient to keep him—oh, and when it does not, Catherine, there is nothing left for her but forbearance and love. Love and forbearance, my dear, are the great deal of you, my love, like all modern fathers, I suppose."

Catherine's face was bowed over her work, ashamed of her supposed mistake, ashamed of the deception she was practicing, and ashamed of

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO BECOME MILLIONAIRES.

The following opinions of eminent millionaires, respecting the art of acquiring wealth, are taken from Freedley's recent work on Money-making. Rothschild's rule of "never buying anything to do with an unlucky man or place" . . . which was also one of Astor's principles—will make every one in the very parochial of schools, new and Mammonism. It would be well, perhaps, in this connection, to state that a certain old veteran, which the world *pretends* to hold in great reverence, says: "*The love of money is the root of all evil.*" And, again: "Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as if it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." With this extraordinary preface, we proceed to

ROTHSCHILD'S OPINIONS.

The founder of this world-celebrated house has excelled his early success in the following rules:—

1. "I combined three profits: I made the manufacturer my customer; and the one I bought of my customer; that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and drew on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit; and then combined three profits.

2. "Make a bargain at once. Be an off-hand man.

3. "*Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place.* I have been very, until he was one; since men who had not about to their feet. I never sat with them; their advice seemed very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; how can they do good to me?

4. "*Be cautious and bold.* It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it."

The continued prosperity of the eminent banking-house of the Rothschilds is ascribed, by the following biographical extract, to two principles:—"He who does not delay for examples, and has knowledge enough to perceive, that in all great affairs the success not only depends on the choice and use of the favorable moment, *but especially on the pursuit of an acknowledged fundamental maxim*, will soon perceive how particularly two principles were never neglected by this banking-house, to which, besides, to a prudent performance of its business and to advantageous conjunctures, it owes the greatest part of its present wealth and importance.

"The first of these principles was that which caused the five brothers to carry on their business in a perpetual and uninterrupted communion. This was the golden rule bequeathed to them by their father. Since his death every proposition, let it come from whom it may, to the object of their common deliberations, ever important and tempting it asserted on the combined effort, after a plan agreed upon, and all had an equal share in the result. Though for several years their customary confidences were very remote, their correspondence did never interrupt their harmony, it rather gave them this advantage, that they were always perfectly well instructed of the condition of things in the different capitals—that each of them, on his part, could do better justice to what he undertakes to do for the firm. The second principle in perpetual view of this house is, not to seek an excessive profit in any undertaking, to assign certain limits to every enterprise still, so much as human caution and prudence can do, to make themselves independent of the play of accidents."

DANIEL BRADLEY, the celebrated political economist, was born in London, of a Jewish family, in 1775. His character for probity, industry and talent, early promised for him the means of support; and becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, he accumulated an immense property. He is author of many works on finance, and in 1818 was elected to Parliament. Died, 1827. He had what he called his own three golden rules, the observance of which he confessed upon on his private friends. These were:

"Never to refuse an option when you can get it.

"Cut short your losses.

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By cutting short one's losses, Mr. Bradley meant that, when a member had made a purchase of stock, and prices were falling, he ought to resell immediately. And by letting one's profits run on, he meant that when a member possessed stock and the prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning again to fall. These are indeed golden rules, and may be applied with advantage to innumerable transactions other than those connected with the Stock Exchange.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, the millionaire of Cincinnati, was born in Newark, N. J., January 16th, 1782. Formerly a cabinet, as I have been informed, he removed to Cincinnati in 1804, studied law, and practiced for some fifteen years. His earnings and savings he invested in lots around Cincinnati. Now, this city is the site of the foundation of his fortune. He then turned his attention entirely to land and lot speculations, which, as a rising northern city, it has always been, is a business in which all is gain, and no thing loss. As an example of the facility with which a small amount, comparatively, secured what has since become of immense value, Mr. Coit, in his memoir of him, states that Mr. Longworth once received as a legal fee from a fellow who was convicted of horse-stealing, and who had nothing else to give, two second-hand copper stills. The gentleman who had them in possession refused to give them up, but proposed to Mr. Longworth to give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row, in lieu of them—a proposal which the latter, whose opinions of the value of such property were about of the most gladly accepted. This transaction alone will enable one to see the prodigious increase of real estate in that city, would have formed the base for an immense fortune, the united ground being now worth two millions of dollars.

What Mr. Longworth is worth is not known. The estimates vary greatly, and it is probable that after his death there will be considerable litigation. A gentleman recently has interested himself to ascertain, as far as possible, the amount, which latter has been assessed to upwards of $17,000,000, which is the largest sum paid by any individual in the United States. William B. Astor occupied, whose taxes for the same year were $25,315. . . . It must be remembered, however, that the lands in Cincinnati are no trifle as are amount of property.

Mr. Longworth's opinion probably is that speculation in real estate, to a constantly rising market, is a very good business. I am informed, by a friend in that city, that he holds it to be an indispensable requisite, that a man who desires to get rich, should be fond of horses, which he himself holds from. I regret that he never, personal language, speaking, probably, that he must have a sorrel head and a sister heart.

JAMES FERGUSON'S money-saving motto:—Is self-dependence, self-reliance.

"It is a mistaken notion," he writes, "that capital is necessary to success in business. If a man has head and hands united to his business, it will soon produce him capital. My observations through life satisfy me that at least nine-tenths of those most successful in business met in life without any reference except upon their own head and hands—less than even from the latter. All professions and occupations alike give the field for talent, perseverance, and industry; and these qualities, whether in England, West, or South, master or later, will secure the aspirant with success. But to enable any one to succeed in business, he must be clear-headed to calculate, he must be cautious from to be attractive acquaintance, he must be firm from it to refuse adverse gain; he must fit himself for the calling he adopts, and then success has come with a steady ease. The first and great object in business is to make yourself independent: to have the means of confidence without being under obligations to any person—whatever more is required increases the power of doing good and extending influence."

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EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR, AND AT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$2½ if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Northern or Southern subscribers can always have the money and names for a Club, may add one names to it at the same rate, provided the first will close their subscription at one and the same time those of the main list do. We will not depart from these terms to any one of them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, end at one and the same time, and thereby avoid trouble.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the name to begin a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which must be deducted from the amount.

Let Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one Post Office in the city, or to one address.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the County as well as of the town in which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Persons wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to which it is sent, as well as the Post Office that which it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up Clubs for the Mammoth Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of the low Club offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF MEN AND WOMEN CONTRASTED.

These are alarming times. What with Women's Rights Conventions, "Miss Doctors," Miss Mormons, &c., the female sex, that used to be so manageable, is getting entirely the upper hand. In our grandfathers' days, if a woman would like a quiet home, and a comfortable old age, she bore it like a patient martyr as she was. Now, if she presume to assert her rights, or more, not only to answer, but to write back—and even to an editor! Things evidently are coming to a pretty pass. Why, I have it from a friend at Dr. Dewey's and other reverend gentlemen, that it is not their habit. Sometimes, it is true, most be done. Mrs. Prisson recently threw down her gauntlet—but grace, we mean, to the Rev. Mr. Prisson, and he picked it up. Or does Nancy Bell, presume to handy word for word with a minister? We repeat it, something must be done. A Male Convention must be held, and Female Rights and Duties defined once for all. Our wives must be called to order. Different modes of meeting the evil have been discussed. The presence of their forbearance must be called, particularly Chosen Exchange, be accumulated an immense property. He is author of many works on finance, and in 1818 was elected to Parliament. Died, 1827. He had what he called his own three golden rules, the observance of which he confessed upon on his private friends. These were:

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DANIEL WEBSTER.—We were in error in stating that Mr. Webster had left no will—it was drawn up on the Thursday previous to his death. "It gives the Marshfield property to the widow, during her lifetime, and then transfers to Fletcher Webster—the only living child of the deceased statesman—whose son, Daniel, an unusually intelligent and manly lad, of about twelve years—succeeds to the inheritance. Mr. Webster's friend Mackinlay, (his agent,) and Mr. Appleton, are already very wealthy, so that no injustice is done them in his bequest. He did not forget his grandchildren in his will, but left to very many of them little marks of his kindness, in the shape of books, &c. To his last horses, he gave instructions for the manufacture of rare plum-gill rings, to be presented to the children of his friends. Mr. Webster's will was drawn up by Mr. Mackinlay, and witnessed by many persons, who had served him gratuitously for many years, viz.: Sarah Smith, Mrs. Webster; Moses Mackinlay, (his agent,) and Ann and Wm. Johnson, domestics. He ordered the burials of his own sons and that of each of the beneficiaries, together with the date to be engraven on their tokens of regard. . . . W. Jones, R. H. Blanchard, and Fletcher Webster are the Executors, and Mrs. Webster, Executrix. Richard Curtis and Peter Harvey, are Trustees on behalf of the widow."

In relation to Mr. Webster's religious opinions, the Boston Courier positively says: "Shortly after his marriage with Miss Caroline Le Roy, in 1849 he left Hungary, after two years' residence there, and returned to the City of Washington.

While the above is a complete refutation of the charge of scepticism brought against the great Hungarian—a charge which we always considered as unjust and unfounded—we think the following light it places the cause of the Ancient Faith in a very favorable light. We translate it from the Augsburg Gazette:

Vienna, after reconsidering calmly the whole career of Kossuth in this country, we are almost tempted to believe that he is a tool in the hands of an European correspondent of the New York Herald. You must spout a considerable number of times in 1849 to let Hungary, after two years' struggle, fall a victim to the sword of Windischgrätz and Jellachich, and then, with a cool head, also agree to be hoisted for his cause.

Kossuth has not yet been able to accomplish anything in his own country, and is already forgotten by the people, and the most egregious faith

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The whole Russian army had been ordered into mourning for the Duke of Wellington.

It is rumored that the English Government will make a move to extend the franchise, by an income tax on wages above one pound per week, conferring the right to vote on the payers.

There will be a strong organization in the new Parliament in favor of the vote by ballot.

The ship Prince Albert, returned from the Arctic Expedition, reports that the other vessels were proceeding up Wellington Channel, [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Webster Executive Committee met on the 26th, and after discussing various propositions, *resolved to proceed in all political matters the same as if Mr. Webster were living.*

Elizur Wright has been acquitted of the charge of aiding in the rescue of Shadrach, the fugitive slave.

POLITICAL AND MILITARY AFFRAY.—Quite a difficulty occurred recently at Washington, between two officers of the army, Colonel Roberts and Captain McLane, both of the United States Rifles. From high words the parties got to blows. The contest grew out of a difficulty respecting Captain McLane's letter respecting General Pierce's conduct in Mexico. Captain Hardcastle was also a party in the quarrel. The Adjutant-General, on hearing of the affair, gave immediate orders for the arrest of Captain McLane for striking his superior.

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.—Horace Mann in his recent letter to his constituents says, on the authority of Judge Houghton, (a Judge in that territory,) that there are not less than *twelve hundred* slaves in the territory.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.—This party, in this State, on the death of Mr. Webster, nominated Jacob Broom, for President, continuing Dr. Reynell Coates as the candidate for Vice President.

THE JERRY RESCUE CASE.—The deputy Sheriff, and several others prosecuted for an assault on Jerry, the fugitive slave, have been acquitted in the Circuit Court, at Syracuse, N. Y., before Judge Pratt.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Falcon arrived at New Orleans, on the 28th ult., from Aspinwall, with San Francisco dates to the 1st ultimo. She brings $300,000 in gold dust and 260 passengers.

The U. S. mail steamship Georgia, from Aspinwall on the 20th, and Kingston, Jamaica, on the 22nd ult., arrived at New York late on Friday week. She brings three hundred and sixty passengers and the mails, to the 1st ult., and two millions in specie on freight, and about three hundred thousand dollars in the hands of passengers.

The steamer Tennessee arrived at Panama on the 19th, with the mails of the 1st.

The Falcon touched at San Juan on the 21st ult. She left there the steamship Prometheus, waiting the arrival of passengers.

The health on the Isthmus was good.

A large sale of city property had been held at San Francisco, at which prices were obtained fifty per cent. over the expectation of the speculators.

There had been some serious disturbances on the line of the Panama Railroad, attended with destruction of property, the boatmen being opposed to the road.

The propeller steamship Pioneer, before reported as having been run ashore in St. Simon's Bay, to save the lives of the passengers, has become a total wreck. She belonged to the Vanderbilt line.

The whaleship Huntress, of New Bedford, has been totally lost on the coast of Kamscatka. The crew succeeded in escaping to the shore, but were subsequently subjected to the most terrible hardships.

Captain Land, of the clipper ship Challenge, died at Whampoa, of dysentery, on the 20th of July.

[illegible]

INTERESTING LETTER—WEBSTER'S EARLY LIFE.—The following extract from a letter written by Daniel Webster to an intimate friend in New York, and dated Franklin, May 3rd, 1846, we find published in the New York Commercial Advertiser:

"I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, better of which is, that I can leave it whenever I choose, comfortable, notwithstanding [illegible] house faces due North [illegible] toward the river Merrimack [illegible] soon turns to the South [illegible] windows look toward [illegible] river has so deepened [illegible] of it, in the last fifty [illegible] its waters, without [illegible] back to the higher [illegible] tory of this change [illegible] ance in the philosoph[illegible] served it practically [illegible] the theory of the [illegible] whether the world [illegible] either by my learning [illegible] this respect.

"Looking out at [illegible] moment, (2 P. M.), [illegible] breaking out, my eye [illegible] field of one hundred [illegible] a third of a mile off, [illegible] stones, designating [illegible] my father, my mother [illegible] my sisters, Mehitable [illegible] Scripture names, in[illegible] ancestors.

"My father! Eb[enezer Webster—born at] Kingston, in the lo[illegible] 1739—the handsome[st] [illegible] my brother Ezekiel, [illegible] so does he now seem [illegible] man form that ever I [illegible] in his coffin—a white [illegible] —a complexion as cl[illegible] where am I straying [illegible] upon him, as it has [illegible] ters. We shall soon [illegible] is melancholy, and I [illegible] dred blood, how I lo[illegible]

"This fair field is [illegible] lamb on any part of it [illegible] raked it, and hoed it [illegible] Somehow, I could ne[illegible] I had not wit enough [illegible] to say that my fath[illegible] order to make me [illegible] children!

"Of a hot day in J[illegible] of the last years of [illegible] tion—I was making [illegible] where I now see a re[illegible] middle of the afterno[on] [illegible] M. C., who lived in [illegible] called at the house, [illegible] see my father.

"He was a worthy [illegible] had been a minister [illegible] any considerable na[illegible] was his friend and su[illegible] in the field, and we [illegible] was gone, my father [illegible] sat down beneath th[illegible] said: 'My son, th[illegible] member of Congress [illegible] and gets six dollars [illegible] is because he had an [illegible] had. If I had had [illegible] have been in Philad[elphia] [illegible] near it as it was. [illegible]

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 30.

[illegible]

Bank Not List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$2 50 TO $18
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

DRENNON SPRINGS, HENRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY. The two Terms into which the annual session of this college is divided, commence, respectively, on the Second Monday in September, and the First Monday in February of each year.

Its Course of Studies embraces the scientific course of the United States Military Academy, and thorough instruction in the Classical and Modern Languages. A flourishing Law School under the H[on.] [illegible] Monroe, L. L. D., a Judge of the Fe[deral] Court, distinguished for high legal attainments, is connected with the Institute.

[illegible]

COPPER-FACED TYPE.

THE NEWTON COMPANY, having made great improvements in the finish of their Patent Copper-Faced Type, can recommend it, with the fullest confidence, to Printers and Publishers. It is already in common use in many of the largest newspaper and general Printing offices in this country and in England, and the Company have the strongest testimonials that it will do double the amount of work that can be done by common type, while it gives, at the same time, a finer working surface.

New fonts of Type, as supplied by the founders, will be received by the Company and prepared by their process at about 25 per cent. advance on the type [illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

[illegible]

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, &c.

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

LYON'S KATHAIRON,

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY

[illegible]

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]

J. W. & E. D. STOKES.

[illegible]

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

[illegible]

WM. BAILY & SON,

[illegible]

WICKERSHAM'S PATENT SECTIONAL IRON FENCE FOR RAILROADS, FARMS, &C., &C.

[illegible]

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

[illegible]

THE OAKFORD HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 158 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

J. E. CARPENTER,

[illegible]

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

[illegible]

TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

[illegible]

BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

[illegible]

CAMBLOS & BROTHER, EXCHANGE BANKERS,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

MUSINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY C. P. CRANCH

[We find the following verses in the New York Tribune. They evidently allude to the beautiful residence, at Newburgh, on the Hudson, of the lamented J. J. Downing.]

In the clear September moonlight
Dark the flowers above the river rise,
And the River, calm as ever,
Ever bearing tribute to the seas

Like a frame the leafy garden
Clasps the dreamy picture round,
And I gaze and gaze forever
By the spell of lunary bound

O'er the misty burnished surface
Darkly glide the shadowed ships,
Yet the glowing Past is shaded
By our gliding thought's eclipse

Bright, broad River—dew forever
In the moonlight, of the sea
But those joyous days then never,
Never can'st thou bring back to me

Yes! the frame the leafy garden
Arches round the pictured scene,
Like a cypress wreath it growing
Dark—too dark for thee—I ween

One who wreathed the lovely landscape
With those green and shady bowers,
Past away—away forever
With his fleeting garden flowers

And the trees beneath the linden,
And the shrubs and vine so green,
And the fragrant bed of roses
And the winding paths between;

And the house in beauty bowered,
Know no beauty of its own—
Nor we again may hear the music
Of those days forever flown

Now again shall hear the murmur
Of the ocean's rampart,
Whom those festal days of summer
Crowned with mirth and melody

Silent River—sadly flowing!
Shadowed with the laughter of past
Mirthful years thy gleaming waters.
But they can't be light again

Darkly bend the mountains over thee,
Dim and dusky is the night.
But their solitude was the wanderers
And are watched with heavenly light.

Like a rock and barrier lovely,
Providence is large to Fate
Mates a joy their kids in secret
For the time and character

After sunset clouds of crimson,
After twilight comes the moon,
After noon are still the starlight
Still the morning's daily boon

And the cloud that comes to darken
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And the grave that seems the deepest,
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"Don't laugh at me, Annette, talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about married life. I see so few who are really happy in the relation,—I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come nearer to it than any one else. Don't you ever—"

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"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it."

"I was a romantic girl, you see you well know-Kate. Some few friends I had whom I loved dearly; but those friendships did not satisfy or unify my heart. Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. I was so much married, I need sometimes to ask myself now, do I find in this line all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart always responded, yes, and more. Wife to the romance of married life, I was, and it so, held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement in finding that we two were together. I enjoyed riding and walking alone with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down alone together to talk or read. For a long time I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be lovingly dressed, and to look my best. When still, I made an effort to be natural and cheerful if he was pressed. I had a great fear of getting into the way of setting down stupidly with my husband, or of ceasing striving to look well before the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, or heard, or thought, to tell him; and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never all-at-sea for want of something to say. Thus we lived for some time. I was very, very happy. I think people were often entertained and to see us together to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

"But there was this about it. At last, I had nothing to try me. We were healthy. I had no care, and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ails and frights now which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last, however, forever. He became more and more engrossed in his study and I at length had a house and a baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto we had been devoted to each other, now the real care of life pressed upon us so often as really to disturb our energies. I was dismayed to find myself changed. It seemed to me a most mortifying, overwhelming to. Sometimes I would—I mustn't say, and think it, and but here are no one else. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my first wrong step. Independence in household matters is requisite. It was an injustice to him, at which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me with wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged—which began to affect my spirits.

"Once, I had for dinner, some carried about the little sum spent in my house. I kept the matter all to myself, and was glad enough to get it paid for, and to just too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no wrong—no happiness in household life but in the most perfect confidence.

"There came a season of dainty, chilly weather. One morning I got up feeling not very like. I had fasted, and had been asked, and my baby had been worrisome during the night and let his kitchen I had a clean, pleasant servant girl, and my fire particular nothing for her to do but see that water for breakfast. The last thing was burned to a cinder, the eggs were like bullets, the bread was half-baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay was execrable. My husband was very patient with all this, and it came to the coffee, and he drank it. He just a cup down, and went off to his study at home.

"I do wish we could ever have any good coffee Annette, why cannot you have it as we brother does?"

"This was like drop too much for me, and boiled over.

"You never think anything on our table is to be eaten,' said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice,—you had better live at home, if you are not satisfied, or else get one with decent economy. I cannot do everything,—take care of my baby all night, and get the breakfast, too.'

"I did not know before that I was so unreasonable,' said he, in a low, kind tone of feeling. He said a few minutes, then rose, and has entered breakfast put on his hat, as went off.

"When I heard the door shut behind him, and my temper left me. I could not any longer restrain myself in. And sat down and cried like a child. This was the first time since I had first spoken to my husband. I remember it was one of those autumn calamity; but before I left it, I could myself up to such a pitch of feeling. And I walked about the room wringing my hands.

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"Capital,' said he, 'the best roast meat we have had since I came to live.'

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"He tell me about it, will you, Annette?"

"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it."

"I was a romantic girl, you see you well know-Kate. Some few friends I had whom I loved dearly; but those friendships did not satisfy or unify my heart. Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. I was so much married, I need sometimes to ask myself now, do I find in this line all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart always responded, yes, and more. Wife to the romance of married life, I was, and it so, held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement in finding that we two were together. I enjoyed riding and walking alone with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down alone together to talk or read. For a long time I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be lovingly dressed, and to look my best. When still, I made an effort to be natural and cheerful if he was pressed. I had a great fear of getting into the way of setting down stupidly with my husband, or of ceasing striving to look well before the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, or heard, or thought, to tell him; and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never all-at-sea for want of something to say. Thus we lived for some time. I was very, very happy. I think people were often entertained and to see us together to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

"But there was this about it. At last, I had nothing to try me. We were healthy. I had no care, and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ails and frights now which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last, however, forever. He became more and more engrossed in his study and I at length had a house and a baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto we had been devoted to each other, now the real care of life pressed upon us so often as really to disturb our energies. I was dismayed to find myself changed. It seemed to me a most mortifying, overwhelming to. Sometimes I would—I mustn't say, and think it, and but here are no one else. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my first wrong step. Independence in household matters is requisite. It was an injustice to him, at which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me with wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged—which began to affect my spirits.

"Once, I had for dinner, some carried about the little sum spent in my house. I kept the matter all to myself, and was glad enough to get it paid for, and to just too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no wrong—no happiness in household life but in the most perfect confidence.

"There came a season of dainty, chilly weather. One morning I got up feeling not very like. I had fasted, and had been asked, and my baby had been worrisome during the night and let his kitchen I had a clean, pleasant servant girl, and my fire particular nothing for her to do but see that water for breakfast. The last thing was burned to a cinder, the eggs were like bullets, the bread was half-baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay was execrable. My husband was very patient with all this, and it came to the coffee, and he drank it. He just a cup down, and went off to his study at home.

"I do wish we could ever have any good coffee Annette, why cannot you have it as we brother does?"

"This was like drop too much for me, and boiled over.

"You never think anything on our table is to be eaten,' said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice,—you had better live at home, if you are not satisfied, or else get one with decent economy. I cannot do everything,—take care of my baby all night, and get the breakfast, too.'

"I did not know before that I was so unreasonable,' said he, in a low, kind tone of feeling. He said a few minutes, then rose, and has entered breakfast put on his hat, and went off.

"When I heard the door shut behind him, and my temper left me. I could not any longer restrain myself in. And sat down and cried like a child. This was the first time since I had first spoken to my husband. I remember it was one of those autumn calamity; but before I left it, I could myself up to such a pitch of feeling. And I walked about the room wringing my hands.

"Oh, it is all over with me. I thought I—I shall never be happy; together again in this world!" This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and as the future there was only lonely darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. He should feel have spoken so to me, at any rate' said I, and kind: 'he might have seen how I felt. I was not too much for any one to bear. I really was not but I said in fact. It is plain enough

Wit and Humor.

A GOOD ONE.—Ludicrous blunders sometimes occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about the meaning of which they know nothing.

The following while travelling from Flushing to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now, Mary had cut her eye teeth, or, in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern aristocracy. Jane, on the contrary, had never mixed in society to any great extent, and, therefore, to Mindful ignorance was a stranger to the rules which govern refined people.—Her language, too, was only such as she had picked up from the conversation of Mary. Jane was aware of the fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern herself accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have.

She hesitated, but, in a very polite manner, that it was "perfectly immaterial." He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple minded girl replied with all the self-assurance imaginable,

"I believe I'll take a piece of the *commercial*, too."

The scene that followed this declaration is beyond the power of pen to describe. The astonished company were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter; while the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring, as she fled to the cabin, that she would never be shocked of one of those pesky steamboats soon agin."

"The Last Shall be First."—A week or two ago, four endless stages left Troy at the same train of cars, for the purpose of stealing the passengers to as many different places, in the State of Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but kept their own counsel about it. So they rode, acquaintanceship, and the old driver of the first stage, who had the most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where they deliver did their passengers, he said nothing to "pay 'em over the road" but a solemn silence, which was broken by the passengers, who, after a related admittance to the fourth, and last stage, started a good deal to each other, and upon the outside with the driver. He said the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He said he did not want to sell, but he did not want more than fifty dollars, but that he would take one hundred dollars for him. Yes, said he. The—fourth man" quickly paid the money, and took the horse. The passengers, and started to go back—slipped it from the harness, and mounted the old one that he had sold, and passed, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off, while the "fourth" were looking out for the "original cuss." He rode to a lawyer's, got a writ made and served, and had the driver arrested, and got him to the jail on the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing. The colonies came, too, and bought back the horse for fifty dollars. He "sold" and offered to pay that sum, if he certainly one, but he found only enough sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it to Boston.—*Maine Mirror Mirror.*

An Incident.—A few mornings since, just as the cars had started from the depot in the city, a country gentleman, his wife and daughter, who had purchased a distance in the cars, came with good speed towards the depot. One of the agents of the railroad of course stepped out on the stage, the spectators, who were stupid to deadness, cried,—"Louder, louder, we can't hear!" "I'm not the ward of city," said the Police. A riot was the consequence, and he of the Agent-in-Chief was called out. By the time the place was him in the highway, knocking down thistles with his cane. "Why don't the cars run further down?" said he. "Because they've left," said the agent. "Do you imagine they believed to be waiting for you?" "Well, I don't think they was authorized?" Even Rings be one of the best of the Agent, and he left the place with diffidence. "I scarcely hoped for much," said the agent to himself as he went off, "but I had scrupped her," for her moment—I do think, Mr. Editor, that the cars ought to have gone a slight shrug, "one have over a hundred years between us.

Pleasant.—Some of those witty dames. He loud down to the very Reign of Terror, and